

THE FIELD AFAR

# Maryknoll

OCTOBER-1953



IN THIS ISSUE:

**ARE WE WANTED  
IN LATIN AMERICA?**



**OUT IN FRONT.** This bicycle built for two is typical of Japanese creativeness. Japan's people have much to offer the Western world.









# Chain Reaction

**Meet a couple of go-getters —  
their middle name is initiative.**

**BY JOHN F. COFFEY**

■ ANYONE WHO has started a small snowball on its way down a big hill and has seen it grow to huge proportions, will have an idea what Father Patrick Duffy accomplished when he made two converts.

In the days before the war when Father Duffy was in charge of a parish in Seoul, he was a firm believer in the fact that lay people in his parish could be turned into missionaries with just a bit of encouragement. He tapped a very rich vein when he impressed on his Catholic nurses and doctors the potentialities in connection with their work, of

doing things for God. The zeal of the nurses and doctors proved his point effectively, by the number of converts they made among the patients in the large hospital in the parish. But Father Duffy doesn't yet know the far-reaching effects of what he started. Here is a capsule account of what two of his convert nurses did after the war started.

Cecelia Kim, a widow with three children, and unmarried Margaret Kim were on duty at a large hospital in Seoul even during the Red occupation. When the Reds were being driven out of Seoul, these two nurses hid under the office floor for days, without food, to avoid being taken back to North Korea.

After the UN armies freed Seoul, Cecelia and Margaret volunteered to serve, under very unpleasant conditions, in the P.O.W. hospital on Kojedo. By their example, they brought into the Church most of their fellow nurses, several doctors and many patients. These two women won the admiration of the Americans who staffed the hospital.

In August, 1951, they were summoned to open a new hospital in Taegu; Cecelia was appointed chief nurse and Margaret became her assistant. It took them only four days to turn a school into a spotless hospital. Within a week, they were taking care of four hundred patients —

victims of the Bloody Triangle battles. One hundred patients died during the first month. But none of them departed without having received a brief instruction in the Faith, and an opportunity to be baptized. When a patient was reluctant to listen, fellow nurses knew they were to summon Cecelia or Margaret; they were experts in dealing with such problems.

Some of the patients were orphaned tots. Upon recovery they were taken to Catholic orphanages. Two of the most woe-begone of these orphans are today the liveliest and most talented youngsters in the orphanage.

As the fighting eased off, the hospital was used for routine cases from the city. Cecelia and Margaret then had time to reap the reward of their example and persuasion: they saw to the instruction and baptisms of some twenty nurses and all the non-medical personnel of the hospital.

Last summer Margaret realized a long-felt hope: she entered the convent of the Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres. Shortly afterwards these Sisters gave Cecelia great joy when they asked her to open a hospital for them in Pohang.

Cecelia's successor in the Taegu hospital — also one of Father Duffy's converts — asked for twenty more catechisms, for patients and new nurses.

## OUR ADDRESS?

*It's Easy!*

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,  
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.

# FORMOSA REVISITED

When the door closed in China,  
it opened on Formosa. Here is  
a missionary's bird's-eye view.

BY PAUL J. DUCHESNE

■ A HUSTLING, budding zeal, plus a holy impatience to "get going," fills the atmosphere. With the missionaries up and down the island of Formosa (90% of them were expelled from China) things are better than good. The only anchor that drags is the need to master a new language.

The experience that the missionaries are bringing to Formosa serves them in good stead. The campaign for conversions is being planned by old hands; so there is no need to waste time, to endanger health, to get sidetracked by continual repetition of trial and error. In building, in starting schools, in studying language, in training catechists, experience is the helpful guide.

Transportation and communication on Formosa are so efficient and comfortable that co-operation



Formosan granny

OCTOBER, 1953



**Tuberculosis and goiter are prevalent on Formosa despite the Government's preventive-medicine program. Dispensary work keeps the missionary busy.**

among the many groups avoids duplication of the experimental phases. Motorcycles, jeeps and tape recorders are employed to speed up the work of the missionaries.

In Formosa today there is a happy air of purposeful activity about everything. The activity of the people, though intense, is not feverish. There is no hectic wartime tension. Building trades are very busy. New housing, bridges, dikes, dams and roads keep hundreds of brick kilns and sawmills operating day and night. Thanks to a most efficient system of irrigation, the crops are excellent: cane, bamboo, tobacco, oranges, bananas, sweet potatoes and many others are plentiful at this season. Excellent to good roads trans-

port raw materials and finished products to all parts of the island.

The people of Formosa are certainly happy. Smiles are ever ready. Men and women are better dressed than were those we used to see in China. Food prices are very low, and wages are good. The children are roly-poly, with red cheeks and husky legs. A very large number of the youngsters go to school; all of them eat three meals a day.

The government of Chiang Kai-shek has many fine plans on the drawing boards and some in experimental stages — plans that will create jobs and raise the standard of living. This year's sugar crop will produce 800,000 tons, valued at 80 million dollars. Thousands of trees



have been planted along the roads. Now a "Green Island" program calls for planting five million trees on hillsides during the next few years.

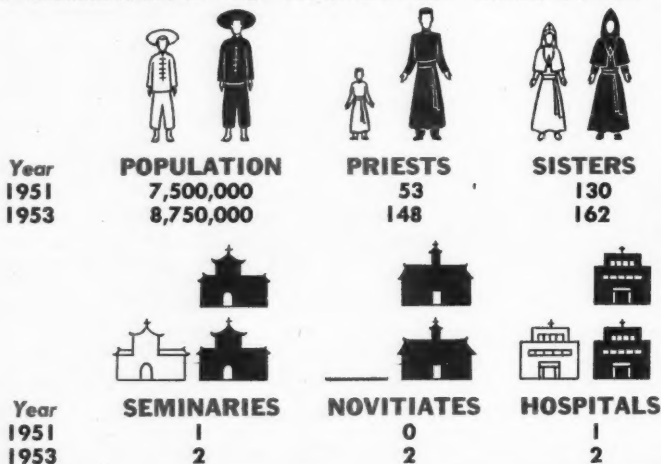
Much good farm land is being reclaimed, and much more can be reclaimed, from the very wide river beds that are dry nine months a year. Much of this river-bottom land is planted with fast-growing crops. Hundreds of tons of melons are raised where in certain seasons the river waters run ten feet deep. So rich is the soil and so effective the irrigation system, that in many regions three good crops of rice are harvested yearly.

There are a number of points to be recorded on the debit side, however. One is the nature of the housing. Buildings, even recent ones, are

poorly constructed. Perhaps the missionaries will be able to introduce some improvements along this line.

Doctors on Formosa told me that there are many diseases rampant on the island. In large measure, they are due to the climate. In the northeast, asthma is almost perpetually epidemic. In the southwest, the incidence of tuberculosis is very high. In the central district, where Maryknoll is located, one person in every twenty-five has goiter: men, women and children — even some as young as twelve years — are victims. Five times more women than men are affected. Maryknollers are working to overcome this disease, and in a dispensary conducted by Father James T. Manning, about 2,000 sufferers are treated weekly.

## FORMOSA: 18 MONTHS' GROWTH







Schools cannot be built fast enough to keep up with the normal population growth, yet a big proportion of Formosa's children are in school. Kindergartens, which these youngsters attend, are conducted by the missionaries.

This tea taster knows that Formosa  
grows some of the world's best tea.





In general there is a need for greater instruction in preventive medicine. Hospitals are many, but good surgeons are found only in the larger cities. Mission dispensaries in the out-lands are crowded. There are big opportunities for Catholic doctors and nurses.

Schools are numerous but, as everywhere else in the Far East, it is impossible to build enough schools to cope with the normal increase in population. The average Formosan family is much larger than that of the mainland. One reason for this difference is the fact that infant mortality is much lower, because of better methods of midwifery and a greater appreciation of sanitation.

Little beef is raised on the island so leather is scarce. In country districts, shoes are in the luxury class. About half of the rural population wear shoes only when dressed in their very best.

There is a definite move on the part of the people of Formosa towards Christianity. Conversions are limited only by lack of instructors. Both islanders and mainlanders know that the Church has stood firm against communism. Many islanders had members of their families or acquaintances who died for the Faith in China. That has made the survivors think. Of themselves, they often seek out the missionary for instruction. In the diocese of Kao-shiung last year, baptisms of adults were more than twice as many as those of any previous year.

The Maryknoll territory is called Taichung Prefecture. It is under the direction of Monsignor William F. Kupfer, of Brooklyn. In the city of

Taichung, 30 priests and 50 Sisters work. The works are varied: three kindergartens, two clinics, a minor seminary, a postulancy for the Chinese Sisterhood, and two parishes. All of the Sisters came to Formosa after being put out of China. There are six Chinese priests, plus two newly ordained priests from Manchuria, via Hong Kong.

At the time of my visit, Maryknoll had eight central missions established, and plans for more as additional personnel is assigned. New buildings are being put up. Although Maryknollers have been on Formosa only a short time, their work is thriving.

The great need all over the island is for more priests, Brothers and Sisters, so that full advantage may be taken of the opportunities that are offered. There has been an amazing growth in personnel since my previous visit eighteen months earlier. It is hoped that if present plans materialize the number of foreign missionaries will double in the next twelve months. But even then there will be work for many more missionaries.

No accurate number of Catholics on Formosa is yet available for the simple reason that no census has been taken. If plans are followed, the next year should see a reliable census completed.

I left Formosa with the conviction that the missionaries are meeting the hour. The compact island of Formosa is a wonderful proving ground for new ideas, many of which will be applied to China when that land reopens. I brought away, also, the certainty that God has big plans for Formosa.



# Grandma Goes Tripping Off

BY GEORGE L. KROCK

**As Maria trudged her last mile, her eyes were fixed on a star.**

■ THE WORLD never knew Maria Lopez. She had never been more than five miles from Chiantla, Guatemala, in her life. Maria always said she was 90 years old, and she looked it. Her face was as wrinkled as an alligator hide, and her hair was as white as new rope. She had no teeth left. At night she could not see, and so, on her way to rosary she fell often on the cobbled streets. When she got here, she was breathing hard and shaking, but a cup of coffee seemed to fix everything.

Maria wore an old black mantilla, bronzed by the sun. She came to see the Padre every day. She always started out by addressing me as "Senor Padre" but when I asked her how the "little girl" was today, she smiled and started calling me the "little boy." She liked to bring presents for the Padre: some pieces of hard candy wrapped in a corn husk, or a few speckled bananas. Be-

cause Maria was poor, I suspect that these were things that people had given her for herself. Each day she shuffled into the kitchen, borrowed a plate and a napkin from the cook, covered the bananas up and brought them into my office.

I felt like an awful heel taking her presents, but if I declined she was terribly hurt and said, "I know they are not very good but they are all I've got."

I mollified Maria by giving her a cigarette, which I knew she liked. She carefully put it over her ear, to be smoked later. She smoked constantly when outside the church — cheap, black Payasos, which sell for four cents a pack. Everytime she saw me coming, she hid her cigarette under her shawl. And all the while we talked, little wisps of smoke came out from the neck and sleeves of her dress.

People dubbed her the Grand-

MARYKNOLL

mother of the Pueblo because she was the oldest woman in Chiantla. Seventy years ago she had raised a family; they were all dead now, and the friends of her childhood have long since passed to their reward.

In a corner of the house of a grandniece she had her little wooden bed. She didn't own a thing except the clothes on her back and an old, brown coat I gave her two years ago. A sleeve was burnt away one day when she was praying and got too close to a candle. Besides these she had her rosary beads — generally in her hand — and sundry medals pinned on the front of her dress.

Maria was always in good humor. She loved life. With nothing of ease and comfort to look forward to, she did not want to die. When I asked her why, she answered, "I want to stay here and serve God and the Virgin."

Nobody was more faithful in the service of God and the Virgin than she. She spent whole days in church. She prayed awhile. Then she got a broom and swept the aisle. She kept flowers on the altar. If the Indians talked in church, she scolded them.

When the big fiestas of the Virgin were being celebrated, she was in her glory, because the Virgin was being honored. She passed through the crowds of Indians, gathering up candle stubs in a basket and putting them away to melt down and make big candles for the altar.

Today the sun is shining and the flowers are blooming, but there is a deep sadness over the village of Chiantla. Maria died this morning. When the bells were ringing for Mass, her bright little soul went tripping off to heaven. She no longer stumbled but ran like a little girl again — following the star to where it stood over the place where she entered and saw Christ and the Virgin and Saint Joseph.

I envy Maria all the falls she suffered coming down the hill to rosary devotions, on cold nights when the wind was strong and when it was raining. I envy Maria her long life of poverty, and all the meals she had such difficulty eating. But most of all I envy her now that she can look on the face of the Mother of God. What a smile Maria Lopez got from Our Lady, this morning in heaven!



## TALK ABOUT RABBITS

Jerry, the native office boy at the municipal offices in Fish Hoek, South Africa, was trained at a snake farm to capture and deal with reptiles. Because of this experience, Jerry is often called on to capture snakes

that find their way into Fish Hoek homes. One day a call came from a house on 9th Ave. Jerry caught two large mole snakes, and left them in a bag at the municipal offices for the night. The next morning, he found that the two snakes had become a family of sixteen. Farmers prize these snakes because they get rid of pesky moles. Jerry cleaned up an unexpected profit by capturing a snake family in the making.

# THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

**Men with new ideas** sometimes meet with opposition so unreasonable that it is discouraging. When Armando Medina suggested that a large tract of the Yucatan peninsula be turned into an intensive agricultural development, he was laughed at.

The jeers didn't bother Armando. He plowed ahead, and the result is that there are now some 3,000 acres under cultivation. Eventually it will comprise 30,000 acres. This development bids fair to revolutionize the agricultural economy of the Yucatan peninsula.

Armando's experiment is located near the town of Peto, where our Maryknoll Fathers work. I paid a visit to Santa Rosa, the name of the development, and had the pleasure of meeting George Medina, the nephew of Armando, who is in charge of the project. George studied law and passed the examinations for the bar; but then he discovered that he could do much more for his people by getting into agriculture than he ever could as a lawyer. To say that George is enthusiastic about the project, is an understatement.

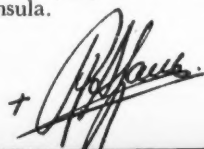
**Only those** who are familiar with Yucatan, who have passed miles upon miles of henequen fields, know what a surprise and a pleasure it is to come upon a great area of rich soil under cultivation for other crops: onions, potatoes, alfalfa, corn, sugar cane, tobacco and a number of

other products. I found the Medinas and their project inspiring.

The outlay for equipment came to two million pesos; the Government helped with this. But the interesting thing about Santa Rosa is that it is not merely a business investment — one of the many whereby men merely gather profits. The Medina family envision much more than that. Once the land has been developed, the Medinas will parcel it out in small farms among the local people. This will improve the whole social status of a great many families in this area.

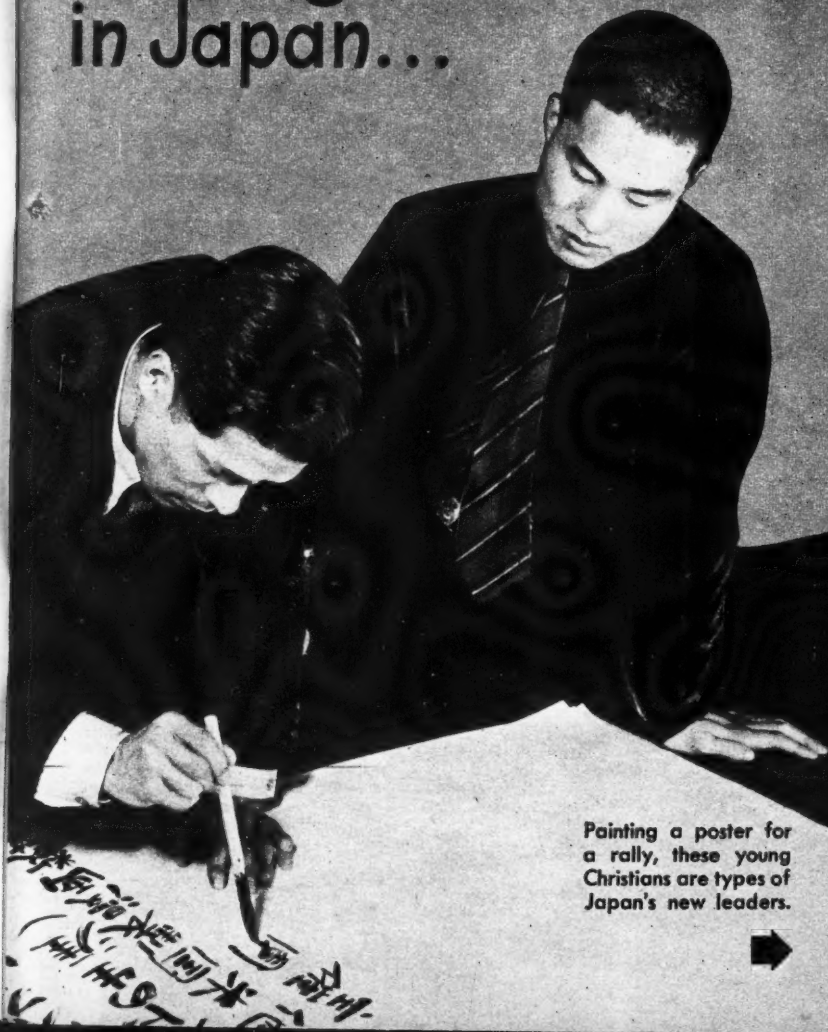
**Would that there** were a few more Armandos and Georges throughout the world, to stimulate movements like this that would make for a better life for all; that would give them a feeling of self-respect that is their right as human beings. Self-respect is something they can't afford when their lives are tied to the apron strings of one crop or one industry; such dependence keeps whole peoples in a bondage that closely resembles slavery.

May God bless this work that the Medina family is doing. It has much promise, and it is very close to the hearts of the Maryknoll Fathers who work among the people on the Yucatan peninsula.



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# Training New Leaders in Japan...



Painting a poster for  
a rally, these young  
Christians are types of  
Japan's new leaders.





Lay leaders brought in many of the 800 preparing for baptism at the Kyoto parish of Seattle's Father James Hyatt. He trains them in techniques at Legion meetings (above). Below, 'zealous converts staff the parish information center.







Through the aid of young volunteer catechists, the country people have come to know Christ. In areas where churches are lacking, Mass is said outdoors.



No shortage of volunteers to call the attention of passers-by to the parish pamphlet rack. Because Japanese love to read, the rack is a good mission method.



After a hard day's work in a factory, the volunteer teacher (right) instructs a catechism class in the treasures of the Faith and shows how to pass it on.









The young man at the microphone has a Faith that means so much to him that he has to tell others about it. He was coached by a missionary in ways and means of helping to take the Faith to a section where Jesus Christ has no followers.

THE END



Fans gather from miles around to enjoy Tihosuco's annual series of bullfights.

# Long Way to Tihosuco

What stirred this sleepy town to a burst of go-getting action?

BY NORBERT M. VERHAGEN

■ THIS is a story about a returned missionary without portfolio — the utility man in the mission outfield. It will lead up to something through five phases, to wit: a rude awakening, an arrested mental development, the San Sebastian interlude, a wonderful memory and a restoration period.

Upon arriving back in Merida

after my furlough, I rushed out to front command headquarters for orders. Now Father Lee is not a Simon Legree, by any stretch of the imagination. Yet this zealous Superior of Maryknollers in Yucatan suggested that I take a trip out to Kantunilkin — that's out beyond where the Toonerville trains go, past the City of the Three Kings, in a region

where a bus ventures a daily run over a dubious road of pools and mudholes. That bus ride was the first phase of the break-down to normal mission life.

Existence in Kantunilkin was precarious, for it was flood time. The streets looked like arms of the sea, reaching out from the inundated plaza. Epidemics were rampant; hogs and chickens lay dead on all sides. Life was a system of leaps, from my living quarters in the town warehouse, to the church. And I hadn't bargained on a diet consisting mostly of stale soda crackers.

Thank God, the people came for services. How they did it, across those waterways, I don't know. Feliciano was up to this sort of thing and did yeoman work with the young men, sparking the people through the novena in preparation for the feast of the Little Flower which culminated in the most diverting fiesta that I have ever seen. After the fiesta I left Kantunilkin. The journey back to Merida was on a bus that was loaded atop and within, with pigs. After a few gingerly steps over those pigs, in the half light of the dark interior of the bus, I squeezed myself into a seat on the bench that had been saved for me by a kind lad. Back in Merida, less about ten pounds weight, I felt myself the reinstated missionary.

There followed the arrested mental development. I settled down to study Maya with a competent tutor. But just when my tongue seemed willing to hiss those strange words with firecracker force, across teeth and lips, the whole game of sound and fury was called off. I was made

temporary pastor of San Sebastian parish.

To get out to there, I had two alternatives. The driver in the orange bus was calling out, "San Sebastian and Cemetery!" with emphasis on the last word. The driver over in the red bus hailed more cheerily, "San Sebastian and Slaughterhouse!" with emphasis on neither. I elected the red bus, and finally alighted at the plaza fronting the parish church in San Sebastian.

One of the canons from the Cathedral had anticipated my coming and was on hand to turn the parish over, lock, stock and barrel. Pardon — there were no locks; even the poor boxes stood ajar. A moaning sacristan, dim of sight, was threatening to quit his work before the day was out. From his moaning, I gathered that robbers by day and prowlers by night were becoming too much for him. But with some words of encouragement from me, he continued to sweep the floor. Later, with sick calls requiring journeys that got me back to the rectory in the wee hours, I soon joined the sacristan in his moaning.

It was a great month and a half there at San Sebastian. The church and rectory were actually in good repair. It was merely the parishioners who had gone through some bad weather. I planned no revolution in a city parish. But I did do some things that startled the people — such as shining up the candlesticks and putting Holy Water in the fonts provided for that purpose. The work of marrying, baptizing and blessing came in thick and fast. The days lengthened out, until the phe-

nominal week came when San Sebastian could boast of three simultaneous pastors and as many assistants. (That many Maryknollers stopped here en route to various destinations.) With so many good men in the breach, it was safe for me to set out for Tihosuco. Incidentally it was the orange bus that I took for the return trip.

Tihosuco at that time was a wonderful memory. I had visited it three years ago for a week of Forty Hours. That's right, the Devotion of the Forty Hours had stretched to a wonderful week with those good folk. Some of their number had come through the bush three long days, to guide me to their little town of a thousand or so — the most isolated spot in the whole Yucatecan peninsula.

Tihosuco should have impressed me; it had tremendous ruins of the past. I was merely depressed. I remember sitting down on a rough bench before a rough-hewn table in a roofless sacristy, near a roofless cathedral. The people were lined up before me, parents with their babies to be baptized. I had thought to myself: "I will not scare these people. I hope they won't think me hard if I insist on marriage rectifications along with the baptism of their children. I'll merely take down the data as a start."

However, after the data for fifteen baptisms had been noted, I knew differently. I exclaimed, "All you

parents and all you sponsors have had your marriages blessed by the Padre. It's wonderful! Sure you're not putting one over on me?"

"Oh, no, Padre," they said. "We came down here from Vallodolid

where we had our priest. Here we don't have the Padre with us, except for a visit maybe once a year. But we always see to it that our

## OUR ROSARY

**Every Friday each Maryknoll Brother and seminarian offers his Holy Communion and his rosary, each priest says his Mass for our Maryknoll benefactors.**

young folks get back up there to the Padre for their marriage. We want them to start life together right — with God's blessing."

I asked them how far Vallodolid is, and found out that it is two days trip on horseback.

These Indians were really on our side. It was a pleasure to tell these people more about the doctrine. Four days stretched to eight with those wonderful people, who begged for extra Masses and rosary devotions, who hungered for instructions and wanted more. Nearly all the women and more than half the men received the sacraments.

Then I had to leave. I took a message back with me, from them to Father Lee, begging for a priest to be sent to stay with them. They accepted my advice to pray earnestly for a priest.

I heard that a book-writing tourist with another gentleman who was looking for clients, visited this out-of-the-way place. Soon the disgruntled visitor remarked to the author: "Let's get out of here. So much superstition is depressing."

Those words come back to my mind with an anger I can put away only by remembering the Christmas I spent in Tihosuco. Again, it could only be a visit: a novena of Masses and rosaries. I found the same fine spirit among the people, but there were distracting notes: my inability to speak Maya, and the accompanying fact that they got little from my instructions in Spanish.

Before Christmas, like a gift out of heaven, in walked Don Victor Alcocer, the man who had interpreted for me on my previous visit. He had stopped in for a look-see, on his way home to visit his wife and family. Victor's visit stretched into a week's work.

From December 26th on, the Tihosuco folks gave a fine example of what is done in many Yucatan towns and villages — something I was seeing for the first time. They staged the Mexican equivalent of a Western rodeo: bullfights by day, in an improvised stockade of poles. By night, the steady dancing of the fine and very decent *Jarana*. Meals for the whole village were served in different households each day. And we all ate fully and satisfactorily of *pibil*. This is the Maya word for something like our barbecue. The difference is that they stew the meat underground — tubfuls of it — set on red-hot stones and covered over with banana-tree leaves and earth.

We pulled away from Tihosuco very early on New Year's morn. As I blessed the people, I told them I would surely be back for Forty Hours devotion. I told them the good news that we would soon establish a mission in Tihosuco.

The effect that this news had on them is hard to describe. They told me that they will come to get the Padre. They know that the priest will be glad to stay with them once the roof on the church and the priest's house are repaired.

I went back to Merida, where the restoration period set in. I'm taking up where I left off in my study of Maya. I'll need it when my assignment to live in Tihosuco takes effect. Each day now, Don Marcial Ruiz Carrillo, magnificent professor of Maya, vociferates at me in the Maya tongue, and I try to vociferate back. Maya is the order of the day.

It's a long way to the town of Tihosuco — but we'll get there yet, God willing.

It was in this tremendous ruin of Tihosuco's past that the author had to say Mass.







# THE STREET SLEEPERS

■ DEJECTED, hollow-eyed, bone-weary, they lean against cold stone walls, arms hugged against chests as though that gesture could either keep out the cold or keep in the warmth of their aching bodies. We have in mind the thousands of men, boys and mothers with families, who sleep every night of the year on Hong Kong's stone sidewalks.

A few have labored the whole day. Many have walked out the lighted hours, looking for work or begging

MARYKNOLL





their families' food. Some have spent hours digging in garbage heaps for old nails, bottles, tin cans, that might bring a few cents from the junk yard.

On cold nights the homeless have no blankets to warm themselves. The stone is hard and cold — so like the hearts of many of their fellow men. Sleep is fitful, and dreams are of food — steaming dishes of rice or roast pig. They can almost taste the meals.

OCTOBER, 1953

On hot, stuffy summer nights, the street sleepers are plagued by mosquitoes. Rats bite their feet. When it rains, they must hurry to hallways, culverts, covered bridges. When morning comes, they may find a few handfuls of rice, swept from the leavings beneath the loading trucks. Hunger is always their bedfellow.

A new day, and they know not in which direction to try. All directions are the same. There is no lane of promise, no street of hope.



## PEACE OF SOUL OVERSEAS

**MARYKNOLL FATHERS  
MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK**

**DEAR FATHERS:**

I am pleased to know that more than 800 young Americans are in training in Maryknoll seminaries, to prepare for the foreign-mission priesthood.

Please use my gift of \$ \_\_\_\_\_ toward the \$500 needed to educate one Maryknoll seminarian for one year. When I can do so, I shall send other gifts for this purpose.

*My Name* \_\_\_\_\_

*Street* \_\_\_\_\_

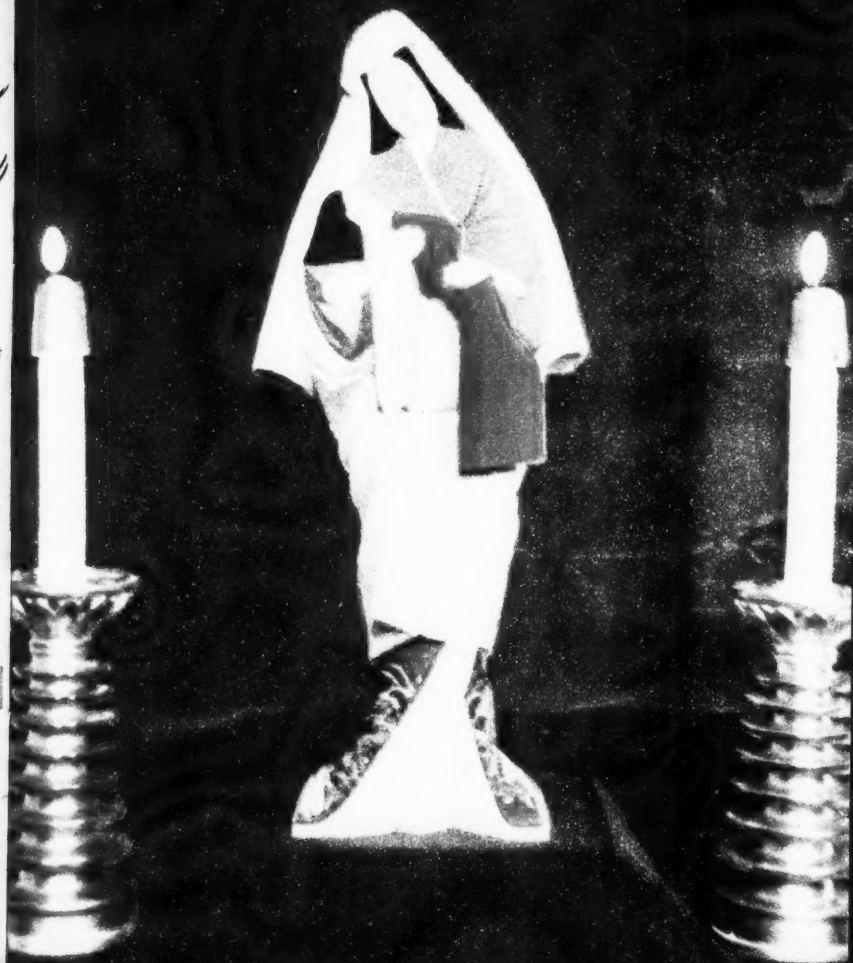
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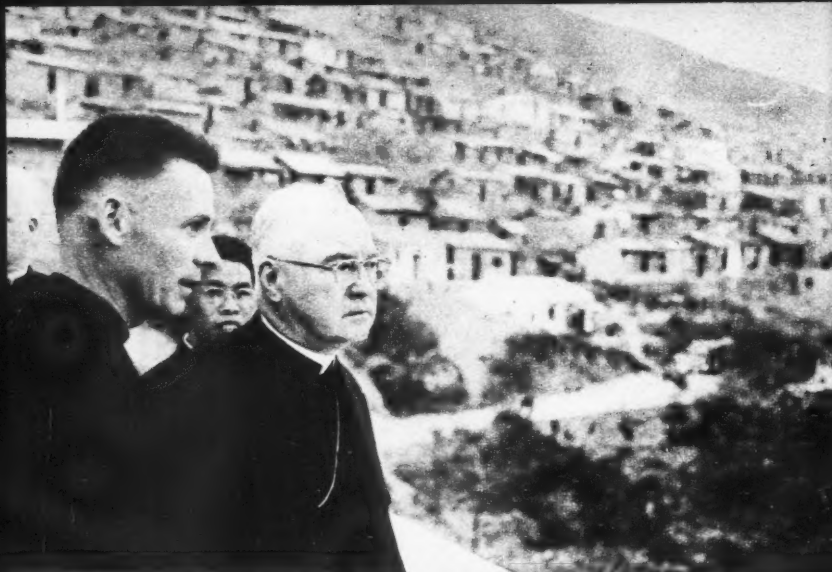
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For Mary's month, a Japanese shrine—  
its graceful lines a song of beauty.



Cardinal Spellman looking out over Chaai Wan with Father Stephen B. Edmonds.

## Building a Fire at Firewood Bay

**This Boston missionary gets jobs for those out of work and schools for poor children.**

**BY STEPHEN B. EDMONDS**

■ WHAT a difference a few months can make. When I was assigned by Maryknoll to work among the refugees, I made daily trips from Stanley to Chaai Wan, with the hope of making an early acquaintance with the refugees. On first entering the

area, I was none too kindly greeted by many people. In fact, it seemed that the majority of them were decidedly cold, suspicious or just plain indifferent. Even the children were inclined to shy away from me.

But now I find a wonderful spirit of friendliness greeting me, as I go about my work among the refugees. No matter where I walk in the refugee camp, the youngsters shout the good news for all to hear: "The Sen Foo is coming." And the adults always give me friendly smiles and nods.

Prior to my starting to live at Chaai Wan, a group of the Legion

of Mary from a neighboring parish took a careful census of Chaai Wan. They went through the hundreds of huts in search of Catholics. As a result, I had a nucleus of forty Catholics to attend my first Mass in the area. These Catholics were among my few friends during the first days at Chaai Wan; they welcomed my arrival with joy.

Mr. Wakefield, chief resettlement officer for the Hong Kong Government, came to my rescue in the early days. He helped select a piece of land. There were applications to be made, letters to be written, Government personnel to be met and a sea of red tape to be waded through. But all that business was handled nicely by Mr. Wakefield.

At the same time, Sister Imelda, of the Maryknoll Sisters, was anxious to open a primary school at Chaai Wan for the hundreds of youngsters too poor to attend school elsewhere. The Hong Kong Government welcomed this gesture and promised them a suitable piece of land if they would finance the building of the school. A large tract of land has been granted, plans have been drawn up and the building is expected to be started in the near future.

In the meantime the Government graciously offered the Sisters the loan of a barrack-like building for use as a temporary school.

Because it was not pos-

sible at the time for the Maryknoll Sisters to take up residence at Chaai Wan, I was appointed temporarily as manager of the school. And after remodeling the building into four rooms — three to be used as classrooms and one as my living quarters — I took up permanent residence in Chaai Wan.

The educational authorities, especially Mr. H. T. Woo, were most helpful and kind in assisting me with the multitude of formalities to be met with, preparatory to opening our Government-subsidized school.

By having a morning and an afternoon session we are now able to accommodate 186 students. A staff of eight Catholic men and women,

**Father Edmonds and his assistants have provided clothing for many needy Hong Kong refugees.**





with Mr. Cheng Wai Yat as principal, make up the faculty of our small school. We could easily enroll two hundred more boys and girls, were there but room for them in the converted and temporary building.

Last summer I had the happiness to welcome as an assistant, Father Thomas Lau. Father Lau's arrival was most opportune because the job of

managing the school and the parish at the same time was like trying to burn the candle at both ends. From Father Lau's first days at Chaai Wan, he has taken over a good share of the parish work. He is doing an excellent job.

Early in the life of our parish, we felt a need for the Legion of Mary. Two groups were started in the fall. The success of both has already been assured. Our zealous catechist, Mr. Chan Tsai Kwok, is president of the senior group, and our junior group is led by the only Catholic boy of Chaai Wan in high school, Wong Chi Kong.

The ground for the mission had been donated by the Government, on the condition that we erect a recreation center on it. That condition has now been fulfilled. The structure is an imposing sight amid the wooden and tin huts housing the 5,000 men, women and children of the area. And yet the building is simple enough in appearance, so as not to be out of place. The recreation center immediately became a

popular rendezvous, especially for youngsters. The two ping-pong tables are in constant use; and the doctrine books and pamphlets are already well worn and thumb printed. The United States Information

Service kindly shows movies monthly at the hall. A series of eight talks for non-Christians, on the principal doctrines of the Church, given by eight Chi-

nese priests, proved very popular. The groups coming to hear these evening talks varied from fifty to two hundred. The series resulted in more than eighty persons beginning to take instructions.

Early November saw very pleasant additions to Chaai Wan mission, in the persons of Sisters Barbara Marie and Francis Jogues. The Sisters took up residence in one of the newly constructed cottages next door to the school. I was both happy and relieved to be able to turn over to them the managing of the school, and so to find myself with more time to devote to running the mission. Both of these Maryknoll Sisters are old hands at mission work and soon had a small catechumenate for women in operation. They started a small class of embroidery for girls. The Sisters in short order won their way into the hearts of the children.

New arrivals in Chaai Wan have kept us busy trying to find the Catholics among them. We try to meet all the new refugees and in some

#### YOUR ROSARY

**When you finish reciting your rosary, won't you please return to the five beads after the crucifix and recite the *Our Father*, three *Aves* and *Gloria* once more for all missionaries?**





Unemployed men with families to support are sure that Fathers Thomas Malone and Stephen Edmonds will give them a sympathetic hearing and practical suggestions.

small way, at least, to extend a helping hand to as many as possible.

Today finds us with 80 known Catholics. Baptisms have been very few; in fact, we have had only three adult baptisms. Our first class of twenty-five taking instructions saw only three persevere to the end.

Opportunities to help these refugees have been legion and still are. This camp is off the beaten path. Those who motor along the winding island road, pass what they can see of this area in about a minute. They do not realize that along a three-quarter-mile stretch of steep twisting hillside just off and below the island road are packed together some 900 wooden and tin huts, housing more than 5,000 refugees. Forty per cent of these people fled the Swatow area. Another forty per cent left

their homes in other parts of Kwangtung and Kwangsi provinces. The remainder are those from northern China. One hundred per cent of these people prefer freedom, even in the midst of squalid poverty, to life under the Communist regime on the mainland.

One hundred per cent of these people are poor. Like the refugees scattered throughout the colony, the people of Chaaai Wan attempt to eke out a living at the usual menial tasks of the poorer classes. They do odd jobs, unskilled labor in factories and shipyards; they set themselves up in their own businesses hawking every conceivable commodity capable of being sold. Some take jobs as street cleaners, collectors of garbage; some turn their hand to being junkmen, collecting and selling every-



The troubles of this refugee from the tyrannical oppression of Red China are over.

thing from empty tin cans to wire. Those who can't find employment have no out but to become beggars.

The number of unemployed is huge, and one cannot help but wonder how they ever manage to make ends meet or keep going under such difficult conditions. But somehow or other, they do manage. The biggest headache for the parents is the fifteen hundred or more children who are growing up under these conditions. The parents do not worry so much about the poverty, but they

keenly feel the fact that their children cannot go to school. Thank God, we could help even in a small way, to relieve the parents of this pressing concern.

Our methods of helping these refugees have been the same as others engaged in this kind of work: giving money, old clothes, shelter, blankets; finding jobs whenever and wherever possible; providing of free medical and dispensary treatment. The Canossian Sisters at Shaukiwan with their Christlike love of the poor



have given free dispensary care to numerous refugees whom we have sent to them.

Such help is indeed Christlike and meritorious. But it is not as good as helping the people to help themselves. In an endeavor to help some of them, at least, to help themselves, we have been able to open a small rattan factory at Chaai Wan. Here young men out of work have been able to learn how to make cane chairs and so earn for themselves a few dollars a day. This has been made possible through a grant of money from Catholic Charities.

The Maryknoll Sisters, in seeking to help some of the women to aid themselves, have worked out a program that will begin shortly. The women will do embroidery work and sell it through the Sisters; and so, not having to sell through a middle man, will be able to make a living wage daily.

Our Sunday Mass is a drawing card for large numbers of pagans. Standing room only is all there is to be had on many Sundays. As yet, we are not sure if it is just curiosity about the Mass itself, or whether it is due to the excellent singing of our boy choir — fifteen students who come from the Salesian School each week. One of their teachers is their organ accompanist.

We hope and pray that the recreation center and the Maryknoll Primary School will be means of bringing many souls to Christ and His Blessed Mother. Putting Christ into this refugee camp is a tremendous task; it has almost unlimited possibilities. With God's help we shall accomplish much.

OCTOBER, 1953



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# MISSION S

OCTOBER



## SUPPORT

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**ER 18, 1953**

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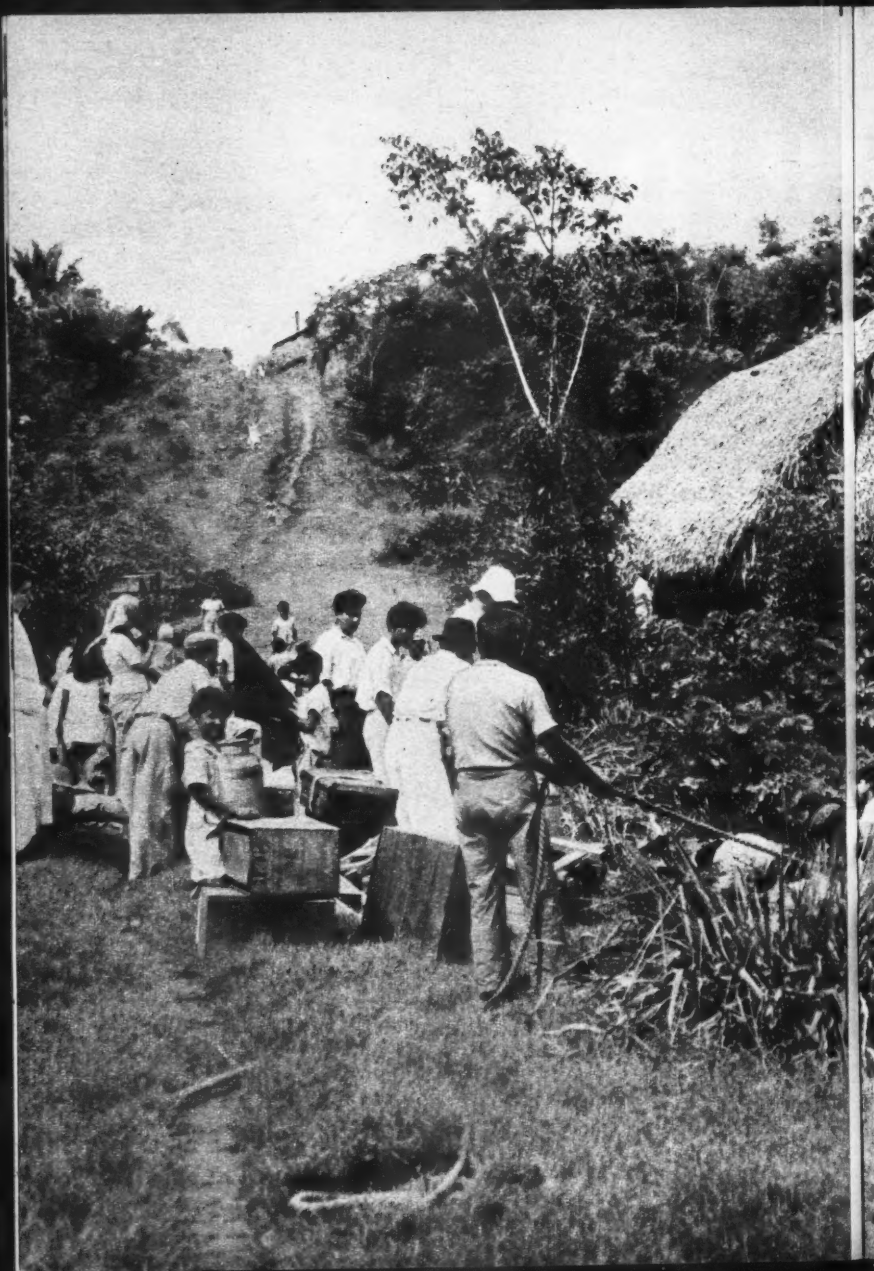
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**HE FAITH**

**S YOU DID IT TO ONE  
Y LEAST BROTHERS..."**









# I Live in the Jungle

■ MY NAME is Father Joseph V. Flynn, and my home town is Cleveland, Ohio. I have been living in the Amazon jungle since arriving in Bolivia ten years ago. The jungle is an isolated place, and the only means of travel is by boat. The dugout canoe (opposite) has just made its way up a narrow arroyo to bring us supplies. Because we are almost cut off from the outside world, all our supplies are expensive.

The people of my jungle mission are poor. They make their living by gathering rubber and Brazil nuts, which are taken down river to be sold. I do what I can to bring the people a fuller life — spiritual and physical.





Here I am with my soccer team. Father O'Neill (far right) brought his team up river to play with us. Athletics make youth last a little longer for our boys.



The boxing gloves are almost as big as the boxers, but we are training our lads to face the knocks of life.



It's jungle custom to take a siesta after lunch. I try to use the time to catch up on some needed reading.



It seems that half our life is spent in waiting for river boats.  
Here Father Logue, myself and Bishop Danehy wait to go up river.

THE END.

## A Lifetime Business

■ EVEN in a small world, it takes a long time for the human race to get acquainted with itself. It's a slow process for the members of the big, disjointed, scattered family to learn the truth—or even half of it—about each other. Perhaps this is not altogether strange in view of the distances, languages, customs, philosophies and other barriers that have screened off most peoples from the knowledge and affection of their fellows.

This lack of acquaintance is regrettable, though. What is there in the world so desirable to know as the human beings who inhabit it? What is so important in the world—amid all its wonders of lopsided progress—as the simplest, crudest, poorest, most-forgotten segment of our common flesh and blood? It would pay us to know each other better. And yet it is not particularly easy to do this, we may as well admit. There is a great deal to be learned about the processes leading to this goal. And there is a great deal to unlearn also: a lot of questionable information must be discounted and smiled over because

our information about other peoples mostly isn't so.

WE of the Western world have a sort of genius for complicating and obfuscating this particular problem. We circulate all over the earth, explore the far reaches, poke into the odd byways, hobnob with every manner and description of mankind; and then return with all our original isolation, to our own little chimney corners. We have seen much but have learned little and have loved nobody. We have done this very thing for four and a half centuries—from the Age of Discovery to the Global Age.

We have been good travelers but poor reporters. For the net impression we seem to have derived from these not-altogether-disinterested wanderings—if it be fair to judge us by the mammoth literary records accumulating in our wake—is the curious persuasion that all virtues, progress, good sense and good manners reside within the happy confines of our own little racial circles exclusively; while every outlandish oddity, crudity, perversity and plain



### This Month's Cover

Youth is short and time fleeting for great masses of the people of Latin America. Children learn responsibilities early and there are few happy days of childhood as we know them. The reason lies in the great, oppressive poverty that blankets so many. We must take the social teachings of the Church to these humble people.

rascality is eminently typical of everybody else.

This hardly makes a balanced story. No doubt it is a good and worthy thing to be grateful for the gifts proper to one's own race, nation, clan, family, even person. But no amount of gratitude needs to take the form of a mountainous pharisaism like this. All barbarians but myself, eh? All out of step but Jim? No, it's not as simple as that, nor is it nearly so one-sided. The truth is that there is something substantial to be said for any and all the members of the human family. There is something to admire and respect in every type of human civilization. There is something to esteem, even to love, in every human creature. And it is a very perverse astigmatism that prevents us from seeing the other half of the world in a better light — leaves us nothing to admire but ourselves.

EUROPE had some very strange and fantastic notions about the Orient and its good people, until the French Jesuits came along to alter the picture in the eighteenth century. They were on the ground in numbers and closer to realities than anybody else had ever been. They soon began to clear away the myths and to replace them with accurate and sympathetic reports. Asia then began to be less wrongly known. It was a helpful and typical service. The missionary can be regarded as the best available guide in this matter. He has an axe to grind, but it is a good axe — one that represents a totally unselfish interest. He ought

OCTOBER, 1953

# Maryknoll

## The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission  
Society of America

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL  
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



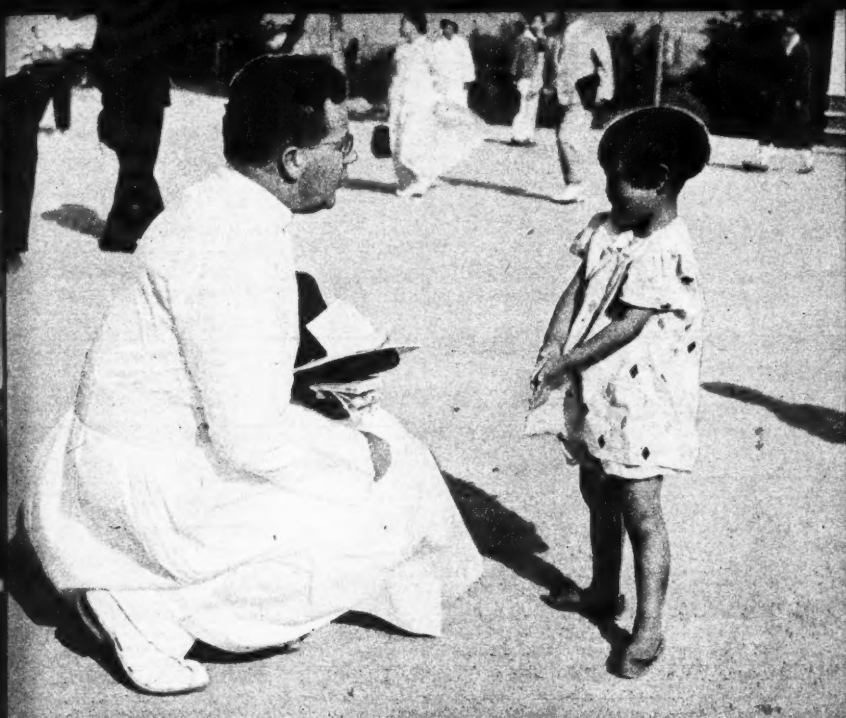
Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

to know more, much more about the people in faraway places because they are his lifetime friends and companions. The mark of the far places is deeply engraved on him. The lure of the far places is a lifetime business with him, not a passing sideshow.

GRADUALLY THE ENDS of the earth draw together. Slowly, stumblingly perhaps, but surely, the races up and down the globe are ceasing to be strangers. Mutually and generally they find that all bear the mark of brothers. The missionary's job is to hasten this family reunion.

— Bishop James E. Walsh





Everyone seems to know Monsignor Carroll. He is a big favorite with the small fry, perhaps because he usually has pieces of candy for the asking.

## Making the Rounds

■ THE CHARITABLE hand of America is extended across all oceans. In Korea, the NCWC representative for the Bishops' War Relief is a New York Maryknoller, Monsignor George M. Carroll, who also acts as the administrator for the Apostolic Delegate in Japan.

Monsignor Carroll has spent his entire mission life in Korea, and he has an intense devotion for his

adopted people, who have suffered so much during the past several years. No one will ever fully know the tremendous losses suffered by the Koreans — the number of homes destroyed, the number of families disrupted and separated.

Every day Monsignor Carroll makes his rounds among the needy and ailing. He reports that relief will be needed for a long time to come.





**His work as relief director, brings Monsignor into contact with all types of need. He is aiding the lepers (above). The woman (below) is looking for work. The family (opposite) has been kept alive through American relief.**







# The Maryknoll Roundup

**One to a Customer.** Quizzing his first-grade class of boys at the parish school in Temuco, Chile, on their knowledge of catechism, Father Leo V. Zemalkowski, Maryknoll Missioner from Scranton, Pa., asked, "Why is it that you can receive baptism only once in your life?" The class seemed stumped until six-year-old Jose waved his hand in the air. "That's easy, Padre," said Jose. "A person can be baptized once because he's a baby only once."



FR. ZEMALKOWSKI

**Impressed.** "The President of Bolivia visited Montero, and one of the things he was impressed with was our



FR. BYRNE

small school," says Father Hugh F. Byrne, Maryknoller from Brooklyn. "Later we learned that the Point Four people decided to locate and finance an agricultural school in Bolivia. They told us that this school

was to have been set up in Santa Cruz, but the President insisted that it be near Montero. If this happens

we can turn our coed school into a girls' school and make it easier to get Sisters. We want the Sisters living permanently in town because we know from experience that they can do much among the women that we can't do."

**Down But Not Out.** "October began with a big fiesta in Ixtuhuacan, Guatemala," says Father Hugo N. Gerbermann, Maryknoller from Nada, Tex. "Throughout the three days the attendance of the Indians at Mass was most gratifying. On the last day we staged a field day. The old-timers enjoyed the wheelbarrow races, and the three legged races. One old fellow stumbled just before the finish line of a hard race and bumped his head against the curb. He was so pleased with almost winning that he smiled broadly and made believe it didn't hurt."



FR. GERBERMANN

**Providence.** Father Thomas C. Higgins, Maryknoll Missioner from Springfield, Ohio, was giving a repaired motor a trial run up the Beni River in Bolivia. He came upon a canoe sinking in the middle of the

river. The small canoe was loaded with rice, corn and bananas. Up to their hips in the water were three passengers, one holding a baby in his arms. Father Higgins motored alongside and took aboard all the passengers. They were able to save the cargo, which Father bought after landing the rescued persons at Riberalta. Moments later as he started out again, the motor coughed and went dead.



FR. HIGGINS

**Surprise.** "My typewriter stopped suddenly. I could hardly believe my ears," says Father Francis P. Milroy, Maryknoller from Woodhaven, N.Y., now stationed in Puno, Peru. "What startled me was hearing a small Peruvian lad singing at the top of his lungs: 'Row, row, row your boat gently down the stream—merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily—life is but a dream.' It sounded just like Tom Sawyer, until the Peruvian lad interrupted his singing to greet

a companion with a perfect Spanish 'Hola!' The singer was a lad from Father Murray's English class, who had the catchy tune still running around in his bright little head. I went back to my typing, and I found myself pecking at the keys to the tune of 'Merrily . . .'"

**Sherlock.** A Red underground newspaper in Aodani, Japan, ran a series of slandering articles about the Church on its front page. Father James Tokuhisa, Maryknoller from Los Angeles, Cal., decided that someone familiar with the Church was responsible. His detective work unearthed an admitted Communist in our own back yard. Father invited the lad in for a chat, and cleared up much misinformation. The lad is now convinced that the Church and not the Reds have the solution for Japan's problems. The Red paper has lost the recruit who supplied its ammunition.



FR. TOKUHISA

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## MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., New York

10-3

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Please send me literature about becoming a Maryknoll

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☐ Brother

☐ Sister

(Check one.) I understand that this does not bind me in any way.

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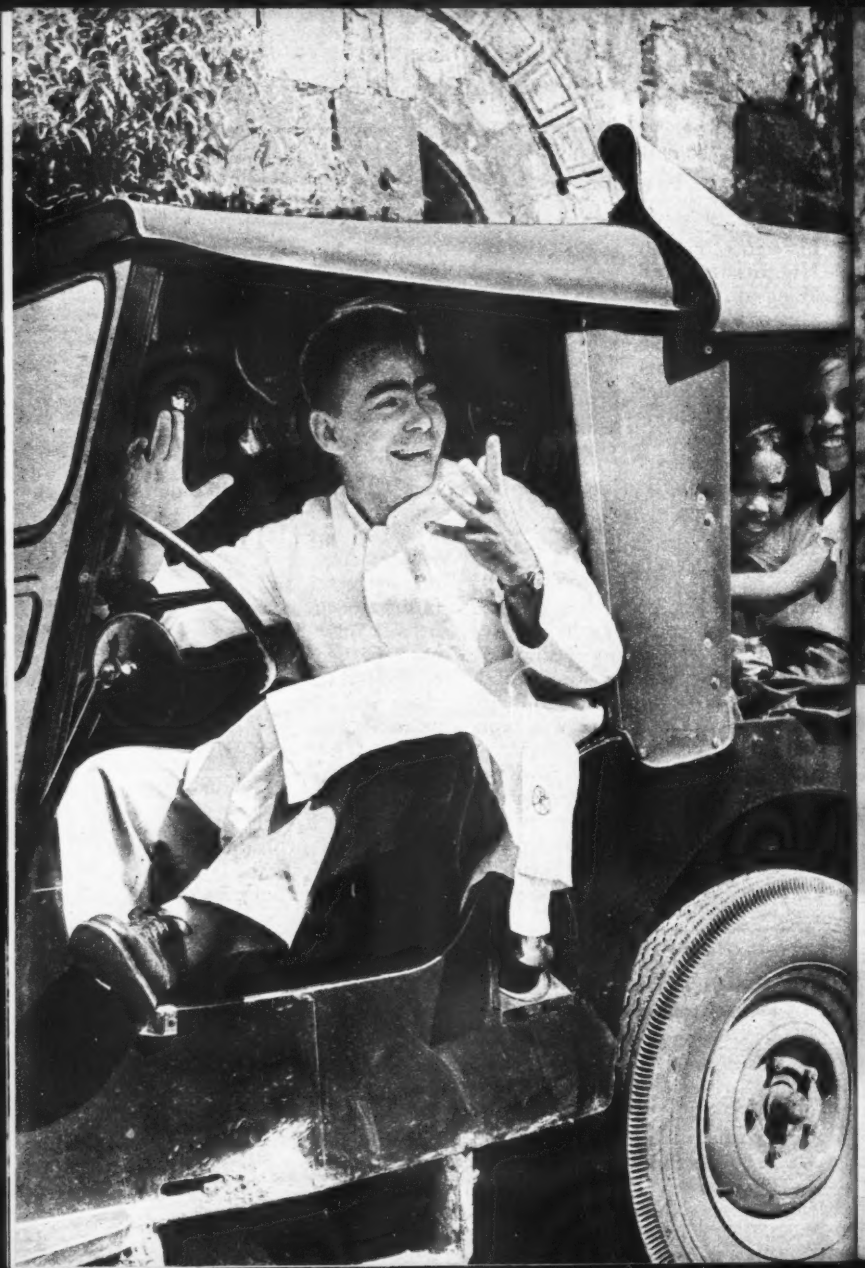
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**This Filipina mother is in a fiesta mood. The coming of a Maryknoller means the town will again have a resident priest: Father Justin B. Kennedy (left).**

## Let's Do It Tomorrow

**Close-up of a baby mission  
in the Huk-infested hills.**

**BY WILLIAM J. MORRISSEY**

■ **THERE** was a big fiesta the day Father Herbert Elliott was installed as pastor of Pangil, a small town on the island of Luzon, in the Philip-

pines. The whole town was decorated. Each home in Pangil held open house and all visitors were greeted with smiles and loaded dining tables. Every family killed its fattest pig. The town had hired as many bands as it could afford. These began tooting the day before. The musicians performed the astounding feat of playing continuously for some forty hours. A special play that had been rehearsed for months was

OCTOBER, 1953



Outdoor bathtub



staged; it staggered through five hours of highly appreciated shenanigans.

Our part in this, our first fiesta in Pangil? A Solemn High Mass at 9:00 A.M., with a special preacher invited for the occasion. Father Elliott and I spent the rest of the forenoon baptizing. The people here are canny: they want their children baptized on a fiesta so that in the following years they can celebrate both the fiesta and their baptismal day at the same time.

Priests from far and near came to the noonday meal. In this land where priests are extremely scarce, our taking over the parish of Pangil is indeed a happy event. People tell me that one criterion of the success of a fiesta is the number of priests who say Mass there on the morning of the fiesta. By that standard ours was a huge success.

At about four in the afternoon, all was in readiness for the procession. The statue of Pangil's saint was pushed on a cart through every street in town. Carrying candles and banners, young and old and the Padres journeyed through the twilight.

After the dust had settled we had a chance to look around. We already knew that Pangil has no rectory; our home for the time being is a storeroom off the sacristy. Before any new rectory can be built, the ruins of the bombed-out one must be torn down. The ruins have walls ten feet thick, which seem to be made of the most sledge hammer-resistant material that man ever concocted.

Our church is in fair condition.

The roof of galvanized iron is new; the walls are solid; the floor is loosely tiled but serviceable. Two of the three 100-year-old bells are busy each day. The ringing seems to tell the people a message. But we have yet to decipher the code of their clangings.

The weather here has two varieties: hot weather and hot rainy weather. Pangil is a typical Philippine town in the sense that its five thousand people would find themselves at home if they were transplanted to any of the other towns on any of the seven thousand islands which make up the Republic of the Philippines. Pangil is 78 miles away from Manila. A large lake, roughly in the shape of a letter U, stretches its arms between Manila and our town. If one drives around the base of the U, it is some 78 miles to Manila. Driving through Huk-infested hills, over the top of the U, it is only 50 miles to Manila.

Between the lake and the 800-foot-high hills in back of Pangil, runs one road. The town hugs this road. About twenty stores form the center of town. Four side streets are for residences; none of the streets is paved. All the streets seem to have been named for fighters — two types of fighters: famous war heroes of the Philippine revolution and famous saints.

Pangil has no electricity. The houses, for the most part, are two-story affairs, constructed of wood and thatching or of bamboo and palm leaves. Most of the roofs are made of galvanized sheeting. The tremendous rainfall here makes for grand thundering during the rainy





Elmhurst, New York's Father Herbert Elliott baptizing one of his newest parishioners. (Right) No automatic washers in Pangil; a running stream will do.

hours. The ground floor of a Pangil home is dirt. Pigs, chickens — and children during the rainy season — all have free run of the ground floor. The second floor, lighted with sliding windows, glassed with oyster shells, forms the living quarters.

The hills behind Pangil are covered with lumber, coconut and fruit trees. But the proximity of the Huks reduces to zero the chances of bringing out this wealth.

To me, the most blatant note of Pangil is its silence. Perhaps living in Brooklyn and China has made me noise-conscious. The pigs in Pangil squeal less; the children seem to have mufflers on their crying apparatus; the roosters aren't vocally amorous; the people just won't shout at one another. The noise of in-

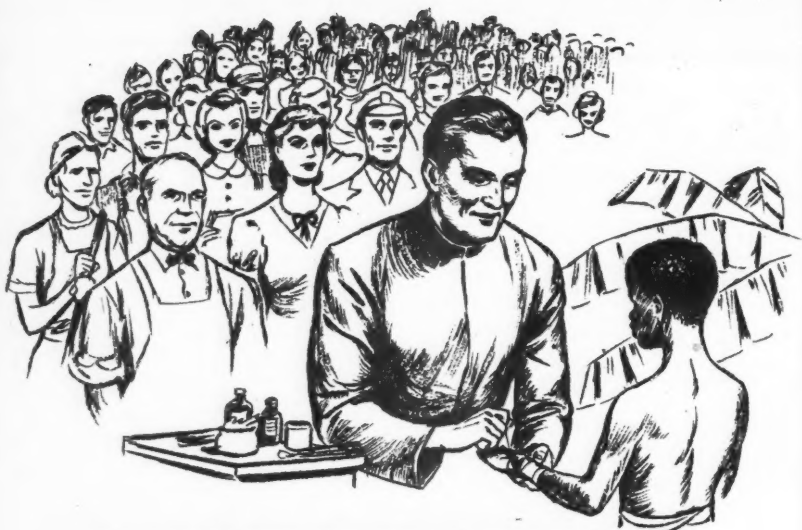
dustry? There is little industry in Pangil.

Transportation is cheap and mighty convenient. Big red diesel trucks carry about 48 passengers. Like the old trolleys in Brooklyn, they are supposed to come by every half hour. However, they usually come like bananas — in bunches. These busses cater to the whims of the people. If I suddenly decide to buy a sack of ripe fruit in the town we're going through, I just whistle and the bus will stop. If the bus stops two houses away from mine, it will come to a stop also in front of my house.

The food in Pangil is plentiful but drab. The people have a theory about when to learn how to prepare tasty dishes: Let's do it tomorrow.

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**Will you help support a Maryknoll missionary? More than \$1 a day is needed for him. He gives his life. Will you go "part way" and back him, if not for the full 30 days, then for 20, 10, 5, or even 1 or 2 days a month — any number you wish? We send a monthly reminder. Try it for a few months! You may discontinue at any time. By sharing in the sacrifices of a missionary, you share also in his Masses, his prayers, his reward. Help yourself by helping him.**

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**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.**

**Dear Maryknoll Fathers:**

While I can, I will give \$\_\_\_\_\_ each month towards the \$30 needed monthly to help support a Maryknoll missionary . . . Please send me a monthly reminder . . . I understand that this is not a pledge, may be discontinued at will, and should not interfere with personal or parish obligations.

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My Address \_\_\_\_\_

My City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# God Speaks in Many Tongues

BY THOMAS N. QUIRK

■ ONE HUNDRED and seventy eight tribes live in East Africa. Each tribe has its own language, which is not understood even by neighboring tribes. Small wonder, then, that when the Arabs landed on the East Coast of Africa and wished to trade with the various tribes, they despaired of ever learning enough of the various languages. They decided instead to improvise a common language as a medium for communication with all tribes. Thus was Kiswahili born; it soon became the lingua franca for all East Africa.

The Africans regard Kiswahili as a foreign tongue and expect all foreigners to employ it. They are amazed and delighted when our missionaries communicate with them in their tribal tongues. The Church has always endeavored to speak to men in their own languages.

Because my job as society superior deals with all the priests in the Musoma Prefecture, the lot fell upon me to learn a common means of communication, Kiswahili.

A few months ago when I was giving a retreat to the Sisters, I lived at the mission where Boston's Father Albert Good is pastor.

One day Father Good was called away to a distant village. He left me alone at the mission with the assurance that I was to tell any Christian looking for a Padri that

he would be back by evening. With this defense, I retired to my Ivory Tower to get ready for the next conference.

About an hour after Father Good had gone, I saw a sweating youth come into the compound. He had ridden his bike five miles over rough roads, under the steaming sun. He insisted on seeing the Padri and I obliged.

With my few words of Kiswahili, I told him Father Good would be back.

"Padri," he said in perfect Kiswahili, "my mother is dying! And who knows in Africa when a traveler will return?"

"But," I explained, "I don't speak Kijoluo."

"My mother speaks Kiswahili better than I do," was his answer.

Needless to say, with all my defenses swept away, I capitulated and was soon on my way to the boy's village. Everything he said proved to be true: his mother was dying, and she spoke fluent Kiswahili. She died a few days later.

I was edified by the manifest signs of deep faith in the family. After the ceremonies were over, I explained that I had to hurry back to give a sermon to the Sisters. They saw me off, expressing their profuse thanks.

The time I had spent studying Kiswahili was amply repaid that day.



Three Maryknoll Sister-doctors treated 400,000 cases in Korea last year.

## *Korean Saga of Suffering*

■ IN REFUGEE-crowded Pusan, conditions are truly pathetic. Sister Mercy, who is in charge of the Maryknoll Sisters Clinic, says that anyone walking down the main street might conclude that conditions have improved. But she adds: "We Sisters know that the suffering this year is greatly intensified over last year.

"Anyone who lives here and who sees beyond the market street, knows that the suffering is great. The G.I.'s, who are kind beyond words, are often choked with emotion when they speak of the suffering they see, especially in little children. In our clinic we see every type of misery — hunger, cold, illness; we NEVER get used to the misery.

"One day as I was closing the clinic, I heard a child crying. Outside, lying on the ground, I found a little girl about four years old. As she saw me, she stretched out her tiny arms, crying, 'O Ma O Ma'. I picked up the extremely emaciated mite and she clung to me tightly. We did everything we could for her but it was too late. Yesterday she left us for heaven.

"A couple of days later, at the end of the line came two little boys, about four and six years old, with their mother. They were in rags and hunger was really more their reason for coming than illness. Having a few crackers for such emergencies, I gave three to the older boy and

then three to the little one. The latter had not seen me give any to the older boy, so he transferred one cracker to his other hand and then held out two to his big brother. Sister Paul and I quickly turned our heads to hide the tears that welled up at such generosity in a tiny, hungry child.

"One Sunday evening our gateman told us there was a woman in great pain, sitting in the gutter. Two of us went out and found her squatting in the mud. We helped her up the stairs to the clinic. Just inside the door she squatted down again, and as Sister was saying, 'Try to come into the next room where you can lie down,' there was a lusty cry — and she had a little baby boy.

"The mother lived in the railroad station. When her labor had started, the others said 'Go to the Maryknoll clinic; the Sisters will help.' So she dragged herself up the hill and sat quietly in the gutter until the gateman noticed her. Her husband had been killed in the war and her other child died of refugee hardships. She was all alone and owned only the rags on her back. We are keeping her in the plaster room, with her little one. Later we will send her up a nearby hill where we are erecting quarters for such emergencies. By and by, we will try to find her a more permanent home.

"Korean men from nearby army stations are helping with this project. They had seen the building one day, and asked what it was. Hearing it is for war widows with small children who have no homes, the men volunteered their help. They said, 'Many of us don't know where our

wives and mothers are. We would like to help with this building in memory of them.'

"To help ward off the spread of smallpox, we made several trips to refugee camps to vaccinate children. We baptized several who were dying — one a little boy of twelve who lived in a dark, dirty tent with thirteen other families. All sleep on the ground and each family tries to keep warm by burning soft coal in open stoves. The tent was filled with coal gas; it made us choke and cough. The people who call the tent home did not seem to mind the smoke. Babies, children and grownups were huddled over the fires, preferring warmth to fresh air.

"My constant prayer is that God will remain close to the Koreans in their days of anguish."

**2,000 sick poor stream through the Maryknoll Pusan clinic every day.**





# WHERE ARE THE SISTERS?



"Last month you said, 'Fifty for Foreign Fields.' But they haven't come yet."

Don't worry, little friend. The Sisters will be there as soon as they can buy tickets. They are trying to get the money now. Our American people are generous; they will help.

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## THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Here is \$. . . . . to help you buy those tickets for the Sisters who are going to Fields Afar.

Name . . . . .

Street . . . . . City . . . . . Zone . . . . . State . . . . .

As long as I can, I will send \$. . . . . a month to help support a Maryknoll Sister. I understand that this promise is not binding and that I may discontinue at will.



■ JUST A DECADE ago, in 1942, Maryknoll ordained a class of 25 young missionary priests. Now after ten years, this is our story.

On a beautiful afternoon in the summer of 1942 our Departure Ceremony took place. We were surrounded by friends and relatives. We were the happiest group of young men in the whole world. We were a typical Maryknoll class from cities and towns scattered across the country from Maine to California. Our ancestors were Irish, French, German, Portuguese, English, Polish, Swedish, Canadian. We had four Mac's and a -ski among us.

We were missionaries of the twentieth century. We traveled in airplanes and ships, motor launches and jeeps, and by every means of transportation to get to our posts—a total of 158,000 miles, or more than six times around the world. And when we got there, what did we do?

We have averaged 17 baptisms a day for a total of some 62,000 — enough to populate a good-sized city like Kalamazoo or Raleigh or Galveston or Wheeling. We have made children of God out of Chinese, Japanese, Africans, Hawaiians, Aymaras, Quechuas, Araucanians, Mayas, Luos, Bakurias, Guaranis and others too numerous to mention. Today we have 251,000 souls in our priestly care.

In these ten years 8,790 dying souls received the Last Sacraments at our hands. In answering sick calls we have journeyed more than 25,000 hours, or almost three years. These trips were made by horseback, boat, jeep, motorcycle, bicycle and on foot. We like to boast of the fact that

# AFTER TEN YEARS

**Six times around the world  
makes a city like Galveston.**

altogether we were thrown no more than ten times from horses.

We have built 28 churches or chapels in the past decade. Some of them are of stone, some of wood, some of adobe. Some of us have had boat chapels or truck chapels, and we have carried our "chapels" in knapsacks on our backs. We have said 90,000 Masses in these ten years, wherever men would have us, and even in some places where men did not want us. Our Masses literally spanned the world.

We have conducted, or are conducting, 18 schools with 5,700 students. We have treated 60,000 clinical cases, handed out about a million pills, and one member alone has pulled exactly 2,999 teeth, up to the moment of this survey.

The class of 1942 has had any number of "firsts." We built the first three parochial schools in Bolivia, the first in the city of Lima. We boast the first (and only) priest-member of the American Institute

of Aeronautical Sciences. We have been in the furthestmost northern (Hammerfest) and southern (Punta Arenas) cities of the world. We have crossed uncharted wildernesses in the Amazon. One of our classmates was the first white man to enter the recently discovered Mayan caves under Yucatan. And there are many more that could be added.

In the course of our mission work, many of us have come close to dying. We have contracted typhoid, typhus, malaria, jaundice, pneumonia, mumps and a few assorted tropical diseases that baffled the best doctors in the United States. Individual narrow escapes include two airplane crashes, wandering lost in the jungle for a week, dodging machine-gun bullets on a Chinese junk and being caught between the fire of opposing revolutionary groups on more than one occasion.

We have been snarled at by dogs, some lions and a number of toothy alligators. We have been spat upon

by llamas and Communists. We have been bitten by poisonous ants, snakes and a million insects. We have been accused of being spies, and imperialists, and even Communists. One of us was banished from Red China as a murderer.

With all our experience, nothing has impressed us like the wondrous workings of grace. Every member of the

**"Give away what is perishable and receive instead a reward that is eternal," wrote Saint John Chrysostom. Stringless gifts to Maryknoll help us meet emergencies.**

class can tell of cases when some accident changed his itinerary to bring him just in time to administer the Last Sacraments to someone who had literally pulled him there by faith.

This is part of the story of the class of '42. Now our average age is about 37. Many of us are prematurely gray, or balding. But we feel younger than ever. Now that we know foreign languages well, we look ahead to reaping the harvest planted in the boyhood of our priesthood. We thank God for the wonderful graces He has given us, and we are very happy.



## GENTLEMAN

ONE NIGHT Father Fritz was having supper with his orphans in San Jose, Bolivia. In the midst of a warm discussion, he heard the oldest say: "I'll cut the cake and take the last piece myself. Then if any of you sees a larger piece than the rest, he can take it first." Father Fritz suggested

that among gentlemen the largest piece would be the last one left. The discussion as to where the circling should start, and who thus would get the biggest piece, was cut short by the youngest orphan, who piped up, "I'll let the rest of you be gentlemen, and I'll take the largest piece myself."



# ARE WE WANTED IN LATIN AMERICA?

BY ARTHUR F. ALLIE

**The missionary is dedicated to making himself unnecessary.**

■ THE SCARCITY of native clergy in all Latin-American countries is a problem which the Church must face. Eventually the solution will have to come from within these countries: they themselves must provide the means, the enthusiasm and the men, if the Church is to wield lasting influence on the predominantly Catholic populations of the countries of Latin America.

A neighbor in need must be helped. That is why during the last decade or so many missionary societies in the United States have been sending generous contingents south

of the border. Priests from North America are filling up some of the gaps in the pitifully thin ranks of the clergy in Latin America, extending the battle lines against indifference, proselytizing and open hostility to the Church.

How are these American priests received? Are they welcome? The answer to these questions, from the writer's observations in Chile, is a decided "Yes!"

Members of U. S. societies who have come to work in Latin America win the people by the way they dig in and learn to adapt themselves to

the customs of the people. Missioners of stature do not compare parishes in Latin America with the well-organized parishes back in the States. Knowing the tomorrow-is-time-enough-to-do-it attitude that pervades the lives of his people, the North American missionary adds generous portions of patience and prudence to his recipe for putting his mission parish back on its feet.

A missionary is not a disenchanted individual. He knows beforehand and prepares accordingly for the difficulties he will encounter on the missions. The missionary who comes to Chile will run into a few incidental hardships such as poorly prepared food and difficult travel conditions. But these will not distract him from the job that must be done.

Perhaps the best indication of how the people feel about the priests who come to them from North America is the fact that the contemptuous "Gringo" (used to describe the anything-but-representative Americans who came to South America to see how much they could exploit the people) is no longer used in reference to North American priests.

Another thing that assures us we are welcome in Latin America is the attitude of the students who have gone to the States on scholarships to study in our colleges and universities. These students return home with glowing accounts of the progress of education in the States. They have had a chance to see at first hand how crowded our churches are on Sunday for Mass after Mass. They have been awed by the numbers of communicants; impressed by

our splendid parochial schools. What astounds them most is the fact that there are upwards of thirty million Catholics in the United States.

Something we take for granted is a facet of our lives that has made a deep impression on the people of Chile. I recall hearing one Chilean say, "Your way of life takes us off our feet. You get things done; your approach to a problem is direct and optimistic. We are not used to that but we like it very much."

The example shown us by the priests in the parishes where we grew up, and our training at Maryknoll, make us good mixers. We like people and feel it our duty to organize programs that will help the people among whom we work to help themselves.

The clergy of Latin America are handicapped in this regard. Their training, and the fact that many parishes are without resident priests, have colored their attitude toward parish work. Those who do not understand, accuse them of being too aloof, of not mixing with the people. Some have carried this to the extent of crossing themselves when they encounter a priest, in order to ward off the bad luck that they think must ensue from such a meeting.

Thanks to the fine traditions that we Maryknollers have inherited from the priests in the States, we meet the people with the idea that we must do something about their needs. What endears us to the people is our concern for their problems.

Another factor comes into the picture, too. An American likes to work with his hands — to tinker with a motor. He is fond of sports

and enjoys few things more than managing a parish football or basketball team. The youth love us for this.

The North American priest has an atrocious Spanish accent, but his heart is easily moved to pity by the poverty and misery of the people among whom he works. The common people — the bulk of Chile's population — love him for his good heart.

I imagine that the good people in Chile, despite their years without priests, heard something about the works of mercy. A mother trying to pass on the Faith to the child at her knee, tells of how Christ went about doing good, healing the sick, showing real concern for the needs of the people. For the fortunate few who lived in a parish with a resident priest there was the opportunity to learn the impact that faith can have on a person's life. But even in these parishes, the poor priest was faced with an overwhelming amount of work and could not get around to doing all he wanted to do.

Thanks to the generosity of the people of the United States, we have been able to restore dilapidated churches, build schools, equip clinics for the sick poor, and provide for sound programs of Catholic activity. Ours has been and is the privilege of showing the people of Chile the corporal and spiritual works of mercy in action.

One of the biggest satisfactions that Maryknollers have is this: they have been able to take some of the pressure off the Church in Latin America. It needs a helping hand, and we are glad to be of service. Our work in the larger sense is attacking the problem of the scarcity of clergy in Latin America. The new seminary in Peru, and the vocations coming from Bolivia and Chile in the parishes entrusted to Maryknoll are encouraging signs to us.

We are dedicated to the principle that we must work hard to make ourselves unnecessary in South America. We have come to know and love these people and are positive that we will be outdone in generosity.

## INDY ANN WALKS TO SCHOOL \_\_\_\_\_ BY PAULI



# THE NEW 1953 CHRIST CHILD CHRISTMAS CARDS...

FOR THE truly Catholic Christmas message of joy to all people, use Maryknoll's own Christ Child Christmas cards for your greetings. You will be pleased with their beauty and charm.

**Here are some unsolicited testimonials that were sent to us:**

Mrs. H. V. Tozer of Glen Head, L. I., writes: "The Christ Child Christmas cards were a lovely surprise! The delightful covers and wonderful verses were such a relief from the cards one usually receives for Christ's birthday. I was going to list the numbers of my favorites, but on going through them again, I find that each and every one

is a classic in its beautiful simplicity."

Mrs. Edward Lineham of Manchester, N. H., says: "Enclosed find one dollar for another package of Christmas cards. Every time I show them to anyone, they want them, so this is the 7th I am replacing."



**Maryknoll Bookshelf, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.**

Please send me:

☐ \$ \_\_\_\_\_ enclosed ☐ Please bill me.

Mr. {  
Mrs. {  
Miss { (please print or write your name clearly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## NEW 1953 CHRIST CHILD CHRISTMAS CARDS

**Cellophane package of 21 different cards and envelopes \$1.00**

**Carton of 100 assorted \$4.00**

(available assorted only)

Let us imprint your name on every card. Extra charge for imprinting: \$2.00 for the first 100, plus 50 cents for each additional 100.

# Tears and Smiles

BY HUGH F. BYRNE

■ IT WAS still raining but the sun was trying to come out so as to accompany with its rays Our Sacramental Lord. I was on my way to visit a sick parishioner. His daughter and son guided me.

"This way, Padre," said the boy as he and his sister led me off the road, onto a footpath. "Bend low," said the girl, warning me of some overhanging branches. The slightest touch would send a cascade down the back of my neck.

"Now through this wire fence," said the youngster. I eased my way through three wire fences, ripping my jacket only slightly on the barbs. And then the detour was at an end. We returned to the road which the recent rains had turned into a sea of mud.

I took off socks and shoes, rolled up my pants to the knees. The boy took the shoes, with the socks stuck in them, so that I could keep at least one hand on the precious burden I was carrying. Our Lord must have smiled. At the first step, my right leg went down to the knee. The left leg proved to be a better picker of spots and I managed to avoid being imprisoned in the mud. And so we continued, the three of us, sliding, slipping, sinking, but through the aid of the Lord's court of angels, never going horizontal.

Finally we arrived at the sick

man's house, a thatched roof over two small rooms. I was met with all the deference due a bishop vested in his robes. The family offered me the only good chair and proffered a wet towel with which I wiped off most of the mud. My shoes and socks were unusable for the moment; they had been used too often by the boy as props on half-falls.

Without further ado, I took care of the sick man. What was lacking in vestments I tried to make up in devotion — which is something of a contradiction but did not seem so at the time.

The case was complicated in that a marriage was to be validated. This man had planned to get married in the church; but because the village had been without a resident priest for many years, the couple hadn't gotten around to having their union blessed. On a damp marriage form, I noted all the necessary information. No, neither one had been married before. No, they were not related. Down the line we went, ending with the names and ages of their six children.

In the presence of three neighbors, four of the children, I blessed their union in the sight of God. I'm glad there was no wedding picture. Even the sick man saw the humor and the tragedy of the scene. Tears ran down smiling Bolivian faces.





# WANT ADS

**Dead End Kids.** Our mission in Yucatan, Mexico, would be filled with them, save for the thriving youth activities in the mission parishes. Equipment needed to keep the children interested, athletic and near the church amounts to \$200. Will you help us subtract all or part of this amount from our books?

**Pay Dirt.** Property for the mission's headquarters in Formosa will cost \$2,000. This property will pay well in a rich harvest of souls and thriving Catholic communities. Will you help us to foot the bill?

**"I Request,"** writes a Maryknoller from Japan, "\$50 a month to transport 25 men who have volunteered to teach catechism two nights a week in nearby villages. They are good teachers. Can you give \$5 or \$10 a month toward their transportation?"

**Can We Beguile You** into buying a tile or two? One pastor in Guatemala needs 700 of them to repair the sprinkling-can roof of his church. At 10¢ apiece the sum will come to \$70. Another needs fifty pews, at \$5 each. The more church tiles, the more pews, the more pastors' smiles.

**Statues** of the Blessed Virgin Mary and of St. Joseph are requested for Formosa. \$90 will provide one statue.

**Motorcycle and Sidecar,** with all weather covering, is the request of the Maryknoll pastor of St. Francis Mission, Kyoto, Japan. He needs speed to get to sick calls in his large, busy mission. He could buy the whole contraption for \$400 if he had the \$400. Can he?

**A Bargain,** these days, would be a parish church built as a memorial for one you love, if you could arrange it for \$1,000. You can at Chaque, Guatemala. The chapel is needed and the price is an even \$1,000.

**Interested in Statistics?** Here are plenty for your fancy and your fulfillment. Rugs are needed for the altar and sanctuary in Peru.

- 1 rug — 8 ft. x 3 ft. 8 in. — \$8
- 1 rug — 8 ft. 5 in. x 4 ft. — \$8.
- 1 rug — 9 ft. 8 in. x 5 ft. — \$9
- 1 rug — 9 ft. x 4 ft. 5 in. — \$9
- 5 carpets — 22 ft. long x 3 ft. 7 in. wide, \$18 each.

**When Day is Done** the bed is a mighty welcome place for a tired body. Simmons' beds or Beauty Rest mattresses are not expected by our missionaries in the Philippines, but they would appreciate your gift of any amount towards the purchase of bedsheets, \$2; pillowcases, 75¢; light-weight blankets, \$3; and mosquito nets, \$4.



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## **THE MARYKNOLL SEMINARY—**

**which sends missionaries to  
far away parts of the earth —**



***has no chapel of its own.***

**The seminary is not complete,  
as shown above, but you can  
help us build a chapel. Any gift  
large or small will be welcome.**

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P. O., New York**

# People are Interesting!

The Ruler Who  
Became a Beggar



1. Justus Ucondo, of a wealthy family, was baptized in Kyoto, Japan, at the age of ten years.



2. He became a great general under Emperor Nobunga and had the respect of all his people.



3. While Justus ruled Kyoto, he built 20 churches and led 30,000 souls into the Church.



4. When the evil Hideyoshi became emperor, he ordered Justus to renounce Christianity at once.



5. Justus refused, and Hideyoshi reduced the wealthy soldier to the state of beggary.



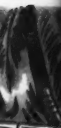
6. Exiled, Justus died in poverty in Manila. Today Japanese pray that he will be a saint.

**Christ belongs to ALL the human race.**

Who  
Penguin



in Kyoto,  
and led  
Church.



d in pov-  
Japanese  
a saint.

e.